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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Wars of Cyrus

1594

Date of the first known edition, ... 1594

(*B.M.* C. *34*, b. *15.*)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Wars of Cyrus

1594

Univ. of
California

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

The Wars of Cyrus.

1594.

The original of this facsimile is in deplorable condition (the photographer said it was, in common parlance, "a beast"), and is, with the next one to be issued, viz.: "The Wit of a Woman," one of the worst examples of early printing, both as regards the mechanical execution and the paper employed. The latter is thin, "cockled," and altogether inferior, whilst the condition of the copy may be gleaned at a glance from the title page, with its clever Museum bindery mendings. Indeed, so difficult and risky has been the process of reproduction, that in this case, as well as in that of "Wit of a Woman," the average has been two plates for each page; hence the fractional extra cost of this volume over and above the average 4½d. to 5d. per page usual in this series. I hope subscribers will forgive this little digression in a professedly purely bibliographical introduction.

In spite of these drawbacks the reproduction in facsimile is "distinctly good."

With "Wit of a Woman," ready December 30th, 1911, subscribers will receive a bound copy of the new Hand-book to the series without extra charge.

JOHN S. FARMER.

223923

THE

WARRES OF CYrus King of Perſia, againſt Antiochus *King of Aſſyria*, with the Tragicall ende of Panthæa.

Played by the children of her Maieſties Chappell.

LONDON
Printed by E. A. for William Blackwal, and are to be ſold at his ſhop ouer againſt Guild-hall gate. *1594.*

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

The warres of Cyrus king of *Persia against Antiochus king* of Assiria.

Enter Cyrus, Histaspas, Chrysandus, with other.

Cyrus.

YE Persians, Medians, and Hircanians,
Trustie assistans, assisters in this happie war,
Ye see the banded power of Asia, (fields
Whose number ouerspread the Assirian
And in their passage dranke maine riuers
By fauour of the gods, and our deuoire, (drie
Are ouerthrowne and scattred through the plaines,
Like Autumne leaues before a Northren winde.
Cresus is foild, and fled to Lydia,
The Arabian prince is whelmde amidst the sands,
And last, the old Assyrian king is slaine.
Now triumph in the fortune of your hands,
Whose fame hath directed these affaires.

Chris. O *Cyrus* when I saw the Lydian king,
Cresus that dastard and reproch of Asia,
Shining in armour forgde of Indian gold.
Braue mounted on a prauncer of Epirus,
So shamefully to forsake the field and flie,
I enuied that so cowardly a king,
Should vse so good an armour and a horse.

Cyr. *Chrisandus*, like to *Cresus* be our foes,

Glorious in shew, but cowardly in minde.

Chrif. *Cyrus* those armes which dastard *Cresus* were,
And horse of pride and courage past compare,
What heart so base that would deme to fight,
Might I but liue to backe so braue a steed.

Cyr. *Cresus* is gone, and gone with him his steed,
This wish of yours *Chrisantas* is in vaine,
But of two hundred horses of mine owne,
Of gallant race and courage singular,
Take you the choise and furniture withall,
The bridles bit of massie siluer wrought,
The bosses golde, the reynes of Persian silke,
The saddles all embrodered purple worke,
Armde through with plates, with fine ingrauen golde,
And golden trappers dangling to the ground.

Chrif. So liue my Lord and flourish still,
As I regard this honourable gift.

Cyr. Now Lords we haue gotten the honor of the day
And with our feet trod downe the Thrasian pride,
While I doe sacrifie for victorie,
and chose the holy aultars of the gods,
Doe you betwixt the armies part the spoiles,
and glad our men with fruits of our conquest.

Ara. What portion of the golde shall we reserue
To be employed in your highnesse vse?

Cyr. *Araspas* none for me, diuide it all,
It pleaseth me to see my souldiers rich. *Exit Cyrus.*

Chrif. The Persian horse-men that did giue the charge
Shall haue fiue hundred talents for their share.

Hist. The Medians that did enforce the fight,
and seconded the Persian men at armes,
Allot to them six hundred arming coates.

Ara. The archers of Hercania serued so well,
as not to giue them paiment with the rest,
Were open wrong to their approude deserts.

You

Chr. You know that in the ſacking of Aſſyrians tents
we found three thouſand Scithians bowes in ſtore,
fiuiſht with quiuers readie to the field,
Let them be lotted to the Hercanians part.

Hiſt. And truth *Chriſantas* you know well,
That bowes and quiuers gree with archers beſt,
Cyrus himſelfe you ſee refuſeth golde,
And onely ſeekes to make his fellowes rich,
what reſtes amidſt the conquered ſpoiles,
wherein his highneſſe may be gratified?

Ara. *Hiſtaſpis* there is a proud Aſſyrian tent,
Wherein the king was wont to ſleepe and banket in,
I thinke if that were offered to his hands,
Cyrus would take it in moſt gracious part.

Chr. But is the pride and braueric thereof,
worthie to be preſented to our Lord?

Araſ. Aſia hath not ſeene a richer priſe,
The couering is of blew Sydonian ſilke,
Imbrodered all with pearle and precious ſtones,
They glimmer brighter than the Sunne it ſelfe,
On euerie point of the pauilion,
There ſtandes a princely top of Phenix plumes,
which trickt with ſpangles and with ſiluer belles,
And euerie gentle murmur of the winde,
delights the day with euerie harmonie.
The ſtakes wherewith t'is faſtened to the ground,
are maſsie ſiluer of the pureſt proofe,
The ropes are all of chrimſon ſilke and golde,
Hung from the top with wreſts of Iuorie,
Vnder a Vine where Bacchus bruſeth grapes,
and twentie cubits houer in the leaues,
Beleeue me Lords, when I beheld the thing,
The worke appeard ſo glorious to the eie.

Chr. *Araſpis* you deſcribe a princely thing,
Worthie to be preſented to a king.

Hyſt. And here is a tent, though far from ſuch a tent,
This ſhall be mine, the owner's fled or ſlaine,
Cri. O beautie rare, and more than mortall ſhape,
What goddeſſe oweth this earthly tabernacle.
Pan. Nicaſia ſings while *Panthra* ſits and ſighes.
But ſinging ſings of *Pantbras* wretchednes.
Chriſ. What are ye Ladie?
Pan. What I would not be.
Chriſ. Faire you are, what would ye more?
Pan. I would be free.
Ye Perſian Lords I am a wofull dame,
Expoſed to wretchedneſſe and fortunes wrath,
And thus I haue reſolude you what I am.
Ara. Ladie, the graces that adorne your preſence,
Deſerues a fortune milde as is your face.
But howſoeuer Fortune enuies you,
Yet we will vſe you honourable ſtill.
Pan. You vſe me then but as you ought to doe.
Chriſ. Nay Ladie we may vſe you otherwiſe,
For voluntarie fauours be no debt.
Pan. But Lords what ere you ought is debt,
you ought to vſe me well, and therefore debt.
Ara. Madam, you are a captiue in our hands,
And captiues are not to command the conquerours.
Pan. No Lords, if captiues might command the con-
I would command you to releaſe me hence. (querors,
But captiue as I am, honour commands,
That you intreate and vſe me honourably.
Chriſ. Such honour as to captiues doth belong,
Such honour Ladie we intend to you.
Pan. My ſex requireth more then common grace.
Ara. And eke ſo doth that liuely face.
Pan. Let be my vſage as ſhall pleaſe my conqueror,
And now Ile learne to craue with ſeruile teares.
My lords, though captiue, yet I am a Queene,

And

And wife vnto the abſent Suſan king.
My lord and heare Aſſyrian Abradate,
And noble prince and mightie man at armes.
Vpon ambaſſage of the king of Batria,
Chr. But madam what perſuaſion moou'd your mind,
To thruſt your ſelf vnto the Aſſyrian campe.
Pan. Weying the double fortune of the warres,
And in my thoughts foredreading theſe miſhaps,
What likelier reſcue to preuent my harmes,
Then to be garded with a mightie campe,
Since that an armie of vnited hearts,
Is ſtronger then a fort af brazen walles.
Ara. Madam, your fa l is great and lamentable,
Thus of a Queene a captiue to become,
This reſts to ſhew your princely fortitude,
In bearing theſe miſhaps with patient minde.
Pan. Philoſophy hath taught me to embrace,
A meane and moderation in miſhaps,
Long-ſince I learnde to maſter all affects,
And perturbations that aſſaile the minde,
Onely I haue not learnde to maſter chaunce,
yet haue I learnde to ſcorne the vtmoſt ſpight,
Onely the pangue that moſt torments my thought,
Is abſence of my beſt beloued lord.
Chriſ. Learne henceforth to forget your lord,
There liues an other lord to enioy your loue,
Victorious *Cyrus* he ſhall be your lord.
Pan. Victorious *Cyrus* though I be his thrall,
Shall know my honour is inuincible.
Ara. But they that once in ſtate of bondage bee,
Muſt yeeld to heſt of others that be free.
Pan. Lords dreame of me or *Cyrus* as you pleaſe,
Onely this outward perſon is his thrall,
My minde and honour free and euer ſhall.
Chriſ. For that agree with *Cyrus* as you may,

Till then *Araspas* take her to your tent.
Ara. Come Ladie, you must walke apart with me,
Pan. So fortune and my destinies agree.

Enter Gobrias and his page.

Go. Persians conduct me to your generall,
Gob. What art thou that thus armde with sword and speare,
Dires craue accesse vnto our generall?
Go. I come to yeeld, bring me to *Cyrus* tent.
Hist. Thy habit showes thou art an enemie,
And we my suspect thou meanest but ill,
Therefore if thou wilt yeeld vnarme thy selfe,
And we will bring thee vnto *Cyrus* tent.
Go. The Assyrian king whom ye haue put to death,
Making me leader of a thousand horse,
Buckled the armour with his gracious hands,
Nor shall it be vnlooſed but by a king.
Hist. How hautie minded is this conquered man,
Cyrus shall know vpon what tearmes he standes.
Assyrian captaine as thou loueſt thy life,
Stand not vpon thy guard, but yeeld to vs.
Go. Smal guard haue I to shield me from your swords,
Most of my region is slaine in fight,
And of a thousand onely these are left,
Whose wounds yet bleeding proues thē faint & weak,
Yet rather will we runne vpon your speares,
Then with dishonour yeeld our weapons,
These if ye iniure vs must be our friends,
And either make vs liue or die like men.

Enter Cyrus.

Cyr. Of whence art thou that craues accesse to vs?
Go. By birth great *Cyrus* an Assyrian,

And

And of the noblest house in Babylon.
Sometime commander of a thousand horse,
But those thy men haue slaughtered and surprised,
And therefore I haue lost the ample field,
yet I am mighty *Gobrias*, rich in reuenues, strong in for-
That can command a campe of fighting men, tresses
As resolute (beit said without offence)
As those that had the glorie of the day.
All which with me the gouernor of all,
I yeeld vnto your mightie patronage.

Cyr. This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,
And of my soule is farre from treacherie,
Alleit *Gobrias* I mistrust thee not,
yet tell me being so wealthie and so strong,
Why rather yeeldst thou to thy enimie,
Then liue with freedome in Assyria.

Gob. O know my lord, whilest the Assyrian king,
Which in this warre was slaine, enioyed the crowne,
Being highly fauoured of his maiestie,
He sent vnto me for mine onely sonne,
Meaning to grace me with the vuptiall,
Of his faire daughter louely *Carmela*.
I glad to haue alyance with the king,
Sent him my sonne. Who comming to the court,
Was faire entreated, gently entertained,
And well was he that might be his copere,
For faire he was and full of sweete demeanour.
Pleasant, sharpe, wise and liberall,
And were he not my sonne, I would say more,
Though his remembrance makes me weepe outright.

Cyr. Noble Assyrian either leaue to weepe,
Or speake no more, *Cyrus* is full of ruth,
And when a man of thy estate laments,
He cannot chuse but weepe for companie,
Drie vp these teares and tell the rest.

Gob. Began to grow familiar with my ſonne,
And with him rode a hunting in the woods,
where firſt the hounds put vp a ruſſet beare,
At which the king ſtoong ſoone his hunting dart,
And miſſed. But mine threw and pearced his heart.
Then ſodainly a Lion did ariſe,
At whom likewiſe he let his lauelin flie,
And hit him not; which when my ſonne perceyude,
He ouerthrew the Lion as the beare,
which done, ſaid he, twice haue I throwne and ſped,
whereat the prince ſnatcht from his page a ſpeare,
And in a rage murdered my guiltleſſe ſonne.
And that (which greeues me more) when he was dead,
Albeit the old king wept moſt bitterly,
He neither did repent nor ſhed a teare,
Nor would conſent to giue him buriall,
but left him in the field vntill I came,
And tooke his bodie in theſe aged armes,
which eke for griefe made me to let him fall,
And then a freſh made him to bleed againe,
And me to weepe vpon his naked breaſt,
Oh iudge my lord, if you haue had a ſonne,
How heauily I brooke his timeleſſe death,
Oh iudge my lord, whether that I haue cauſe
To offer ſeruice to that murtherer,
On whom I cannot looke, but in his face
as in a glaſſe I ſee my ſlaughtered ſonne.

Cyr. *Gobrius* thou haſt iuſt cauſe to reuolt,
And we to truſt thy welcome vnto vs,
And for the thouſand horſe which thou haſt left,
we will requite them with a greater gift,
Be thou lieutenant of the Archanians.

Gob. I humblie thanke your royall maieſtie,
And here in preſence of the Perſian lords,
adopt you heire of all my prouinces,

My holdes and castels, villages and townes,
Conditionally that I may be reuenged
On this archtyrant murderer of my sonne.
Saving one daughter I haue neuer a child,
And she endued with iewels, plate and golde,
Shall be bestowed as you my lord thinke best.

Cyr. Assirian I haue captaines worthie here,
She shall be matched as beseemes a princes borne,
And for reuenge vpon the Assirian king,
We will girt in Babylon with our high host,
Or either starue them with a lingring siege,
Or rip his bowels with our Persian swords,
But in the meane time frolicke in our tent,
Histaspis lead the Assyrian to our campe.
And entertaine him as beseemeth a prince,
Armuchus and *Chrisantus* follow him.
Araspas, as I lately gaue in charge
Is all the spoile diuided equally?

Ara. It is my Lord, and euerie souldier pleased,
Where is enclosed a iewell of such worth,
As Asia hardly can affoord the like.
The Susian king stout *Abradates* Queene,
A woman so richly imbellished
with beautie and perfection of the minde,
As neuer any mortall creature was,
Her haire as radiant as is Tagis sand,
And softer than the streame on which it runnes,
Her lillie cheekes all died with ruddie blush,
Castes such reflection to the standers by,
As doth the vnion often thousand sunnes.
Through her transparant necke the aire doth play,
And makes it fairer then a Christall glasse,
And from her eyes it seemes nature herselfe,
Bids euerie starre receiue his proper light.
For with her glaunce she casteth such a brightnesse,

As makes the night more brighter than the day,
And day more faires than is Enzlur.
But when she talkes so pleasant is her voice,
As were she blacker then the pitchie night,
She would entise the hardest massagite,
Or wildest Scythian in your highnesse campe.
And when she lookes vpon you, were she dumbe
Her beautie were in stead of eloquence.
And had she neither loue lineffer or wit,
The harmonie she makes would rauish you,
She weepe and plaies while both her handmaids sing.
And sighes at euerie straine vsing that note,
Which Orpheus sings for Eruditus:
with wringed hands her waiting maids keepe time,
Vpon their mourpefull breasts, as were we flint,
we could not chuse but melt to heare their songs,
wherefore my lord comfort this captiue dame,
And with your presence comfort her distresse.

Cyr. Arasph. wouldest thou haue me visit her?
when by her beautie I may be enthralled?

Ara. Your Grace may looke on her, and yet not loue.

Cyr. Dost thou not thinke that loue is violent?

Ara. Nay rather voluntarie my gracious lord,
you know that womans beautie is like fire,
And fire doth alwayes burne each thing alike,
Therefore if nature were of such great power,
Should euerie man by beautie be enflamed?
But beautious things are not in equall powers,
For some loue that which others do abstaine,
Either for feare or loue, to proue this true,
The sister of the brother is not loued,
The daughter of the father not desired,
And yet some one loues any of them both.

Cyr. If loue be voluntarie as thou saiest,
why cannot louers leaue it when they will?

They

Ara. They may.

Cyr. Haue you not ſeene them weepe and waile for death?
Emptie their purſe of coine, their braine of wit,
Sending both gifts and letters to their loues?

Ara. They yeeld too much vnto affections.
T'is follie and not beautie makes them mide.

Cyr. Men are in folly when they are in loue,
Vrge me no more, I will not viſite her.
For by the eie loue ſlips into the heart,
Making men idle, negligent.
Nothing can more dishonour warriours,
Then to be conquered with a womans looke.
Araſpas I reſigne my part to thee,
Thou ſhalt be keeper of that Suſan Queene,
Vſe her as faire a woman of ſuch birth;
Excuſe me for not comming to her tent,
Bid her be merrie with her ſinging maides,
And ſay that *Cyrus* will intreate her faire. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke. *Finis actus primi.*

Enter Cteſiphon and Nobles.

Nob. *Antiochus* king of Aſſiria,
So Lord of Euphrates and Babylon,
How long wilt thou lament thy fathers death?
Caſt off thoſe mourning weedes.

Another. How long will I lament my fathers death?
Vntill proud Perſia weepe for *Cyrus* death.

Cteſ. Oh that will neuer be, *Cyrus* is ſtrong,
So ſtrong my Lords, that were not Babylon,
Fortifyed with ſtrong walles for twentie yeeres,
Garded with ſouldiers that will neuer yeeld,
Sooner would he expell you from your ſeate,
Then you with open armes could anger him.

What

Ant. What is reuenge but open warres,
As were *Antiochus* a priuate man,
And one of you king of Aſſyria,
I would not faile to worke his ouerthrow,
But you that are not touch't with inward griefe,
Will not in that attempt be reſolute.
Cteſ. Vouchſafe O Lord to tell me what it is,
If I attempt it not then let me die.
Ant. Why thus it is, feigne I haue iniurde thee,
And offer ſeruice to the Perſian king,
Then being receiued as late Gobrias was,
How eaſie maiſt thou ſlea him and eſcape,
For in the night he walkes about his campe,
Without a guard euen as a common man.
Cteſ. Yet he that killes him ſuer is to die. (quite
Ant. I thought the feare of death would'e daunts him
A thouſand talents would I freely giue,
To him that vndertakes this enterpriſe.
Cteſ. My Lord I am reſolude, giue me the gold,
And I will venture life in this exploit.
Ant. My treaſurer at armes ſhall giue it thee,
And *Ctiſifon* when I receiue his head,
Beſide this ſumme thou ſhalt haue annuall pay,
As much as thy reuenues mount vnto,
And where thou art by calling but a knight,
Ile make thee Lord of many prouinces.
Cteſ. As for the gold keepe it till I returne,
and if I die deliuer it to my friend.
Ant. Well *Cteſipbon* manage this glorious act,
Let me embrace him ere I take my leaue.
Cteſ. Fare well my lord. Now you Aſſyrian gods,
To whom we ſacrifice our fo-mens blood,
Giue fauour to my lookes, faith to my ſpeach,
That being gracious with the Perſian Lord,
By me Aſſyria may be free from bands,

And

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And both the king and ſubiects death reuengde.
Nob. Fare well braue minded *Cteſiphon.*
Ant. While thus is doing we will march from hence,
Vnto the countrey where *Gobrias* dwelt,
He hath a caſtell well repleniſhed,
with victuales, men and furniture,
And as our ſpies giues vs to vnderſtand,
His onely daughter ſtayes within the hold,
Not knowing of her fathers late reuolt,
Therefore will we ſurprize her vnawares,
and thou ſhalt be lieutenant in his ſtead,
when we haue made his ſouldiers yeeld the fort.

Enter Araſpas ſolus.

Ara. Muſt I confeſſe that loue is violent.
By doting on my captiue *Panthea*,
I will not loue Ile bridle thoſe affects.
I cannot be reſiſted, I muſt yeeld,
Oh what a tyrant is this cruel loue,
That drinkes my blood, and makes me pale and wan,
That ſucks my ſpirits, and makes me weake and faint,
That teares my heart, and makes me almoſt dead.
That reuels in my braines and makes me mad.
I am a ſouldier, and will conquer loue,
Ile mount me ſtraight giue me a horſ-mans ſtuffe,
Proud loue, ſit faſt, for now *Araſpas* runnes,
Runne and ſcarcely ſtand: O *Panthea*,
Thou ſets my idle fantaſie thus a worke,
and makes me ſpeake and thinke I know not what.
I would I might forget faire *Panthea*,
I cannot name her but I muſt ſay faire,
And that word faire makes me remember her:
Panthea is vgly, blacke, ill fauoured, fowle,
And who is ſo beautifull as ſhee?

And

And I must weepe for this misfortune lie,
Why should I weepe? aske the reason why?
I haue denide my loue, weepe not but die.
Die not but liue and enioy thy loue.
What contrarietie consisteth in my words,
O reconcile them louely *Panthea*.
Thy lookes hath made me lunatike.

Enter Panthea and Nicasia.

Pan. I haue intelligence that our Lord is sicke,
we come to comfort him as captiues may.
Araf. Oh welcome *Panthea*, shall I tell my griefe?
Pan. Sit still my Lord,
why change you colour thus, what troubles you?
Araf. Something standes by and whispers in my eare,
A kisse of *Panthea* will recouer me.
Pan. O leaue these idle words, they make you worse
Ara. Nay they recouer me, I am halfe well.
Pan. So say they that are going from the world.
Ara. *Panthea* sit downe, but sit so *Panthea*,
As I may view thy face, or else I die.
Pan. *Nicasia* command the musicke play,
It may be musicke will allay the fit.
Ara. *Nicasia* cause the musicke cease, *Musick plaies.*
For it is harsh and mars the harmonie,
Come *Panthea* sit downe by me, and let vs talke.
Pan. Talke is naught, turne ye about and sleepe.
Araf. Oh loue?
Pan. How now my Lord, a souldier and loue-sicke?
Araf. I cannot keepe it in, it burstes my heart,
For thee sweete *Panthea* I am sicke.
Pan. For me, my Lord?
Araf. Flie not away, celestiall *Panthea*,
Though I were halfe dead I should follow thee.

The

Pan. The aire will hurt thee, whither wilt thou go.
Ara. Where *Panthea* goes, oh frowne not my faire loue.
Pan. Then loue me not, elſe I will more then frowne.
Ara. What will a captiue woman threat her loue.
Pan. Oh giue poore *Panthea* leaue to thret her ſelfe,
I meane my Tragedie ſhall end the loue.
Ara. No louely Queene, Ile rather end my loue,
Then anger *Panthea*, much leſſe let her die,
And yet God knowes my loue can neuer end,
Being infinite in meaſure and in time.
Pan. What wordes bee theſe that cut my eares with (griefe,
Oh *Abradates* little doſt thou know,
What miſerie poore *Panthea* doth ſuſtaine,
wicked *Araſpas* periſh in thy loue. *Exit Panthea.*
Araſ. Cannot I winne her, O vnhappie man?
Araſpas thou wantſt eloquence to wooe,
Againſt chaſtitie no eloquence preuailes,
It was becauſe I offered her no gift,
She is a Queene what gifts can compaſſe her,
I ſhould haue courted her with better words,
But here doth loue and threatning diſagree,
Nothing but Magicke can obtaine her loue,
If Magicke will, then *Panth a* ſhall be mine.

Actus ſecundus. Enter Hiſtaſpis and Chriſantas.

Hiſt. Chriſantas, when I looke into the life,
The maners, deeds, and qualities of minde,
The grauneſſe, power, and imperiall parts,
wherewith yong *Cyrus* is ſo full adornde,
My thoughts foreſee that he is ordained of God,
To enlarge the limits of the Perſian raigne.
Chr. Hiſtaſpis, rare it is to ſee thoſe yeeres,
So furniſhed with ſuch rare experience,
As is not common in the grayeſt haires.
Beſides his bodie hath of theſe rare gifts,

Vſed to labour, hunger, thirſt and colde,
Giues true foretokens that the prince will proue,
A famous warriour and a conquerour.
Hiſt. And of the ſundry vertues that abounds
Dayly increaſing in her princely breaſt,
Religion to the gods exceedes them all.
Cbr. And reaſon good for of all humane workes,
The care of them ſhould chiefly be preferred.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. Is this Aſſyrian friend or foe to vs?
That dares approch ſo neare the Perſian campe.
Cte. In bending of my ſpeare to Babylon,
And breaking it againſt the Aſſyrian ground,
I came a friend, not foe, to *Cyrus* campe.
Hiſt. What reaſon moues thee an Aſſyrian borne,
To beare ſuch rancour to thy countrey ſoyle.
Cte. That ſecret I reſerue for *Cyrus* eares,
Vnto whoſe ſecret fauour, I ſubmit
My perſon, honour, fortune, fame and life.
Hiſt. Informe the king certainly I will,
O Perſians truely fortunate are you,
Vnder ſubiection of ſo ſweete a prince,
That meaſures all the actions of his life,
By mercie, iuſtice, and reſpect of right.
Hiſt. It ſeemes th' Aſſyrian prince hath iniured this man,
with ſome notorious great indignitie.
Cy. Man of Aſſyria, what wouldeſt thou with me?
Cte. O gracious Lord great and inuincible,
Receiue into protection of your grace,
A wretched man vndone by tyrannie,
And lawleſſe rigour of a cruell prince,
Cy. What prince is he that thou accuſeſt thus?
Cte. The new Aſſyrian king, a man diſtainde

With

With endleſſe markes of villanie and blood.
Cy. Diſcend vnto the purpoſe of thy tale,
And make thy ſtate and fortune plaine at once.
Cte. I am, (I am ſaid I) I was a man,
Earſt noble, now baniſht reprobate,
Highlie in fauour with the Aſſyrian prince,
Till ſenſuall rage of his vnbridled luſt,
Did lay my ſtate and honour in the duſt,
And thus great Lord begun my Tragedie,
One onely virgin daughter had your thrall,
Of yeares inclining now to mariage ſtate,
Her face and beautie (if I ſeeme not vaine)
were equall to the beſt Aſſyrian dames,
And ſhe ſuppoſde the flower of Babylon.
The bruite of which her rare perfections ran,
Swifter than Fame through all th'Aſſyrian land,
And laſtly reſted in the princes eares,
Who wounded with report of beauties pride,
Vnable to reſtrain his inderne deſire,
Attended by a band of armed men,
Inuades my caſtell when I was at reſt,
And bare my daughter thence with violate hands,
Vnto his pallace where ſhe doth remaine,
As concubine allotted to his bed.
Striuing her deſtenie honour to preſerue,
I came in franticke ſort to Babylon,
Exclaiming on this villainous deſpite,
Banding the prince with many a bitter view,
My iuſt complaints when once he vnderſtood,
He ſortes me out a damned bloudie crew,
Of ruffians, ſlaiers, murderers, and theeues,
Profeſſed men for gaine and lucre ſake,
To make no conſcience whom they ſlay and kill,
Thoſe men by ſolemne othe had vowed my life,
A ſacrifice vnto their curſed ſu ordes,

And houre by houre they ſought to reaue my ſoule,
Liuing in hazard of continuall death,
I knew no hope for me at Babylon,
Other then my graue and dumleſſe ſepulchre,
And ſo for refuge to my wretched life,
I haue abandoned countrey, friends and all,
And proſtrate my eſtate at *Cyrus* feete,
O puiſſant Lord whoſe great and conquering ſworde,
was forgde by *Mars*, and made for victorie,
Protect the life of thy vnhappie thrall,
And make him follower of the Perſian armes,
That in the fortune of thy mightie hand,
The fall of *Creſiphon* may be reuenged.

Gob. O *Creſiphon*, this tale of thine reuiues
The wofull memorie of my deareſt ſonne,
Slaughtered by that moſt barbarous tyrant hand.

Cyr. *Gobrias* ye haue heard the Aſſyrian tale,
What great complaints he makes againſt the prince,
And thoſe not cauſeleſſe if his words be true,
Now *Cyrus* is not raſhly credulous,
Nor bindes his faith on euerie ſtrangers vowes.
Tell me *Gobrias*, doſt thou ſimplie thinke,
That this diſcourſe is naught but naked truth,
Or elſe ſome forged or diſſembled gloſe,
To ſound our ſecrets, and bewray our drifts.

Go. *Cyrus* the diſpoſition of this prince,
Solde vp and ſworne to endleſſe villanies,
May proue the griefes of *Creſiphon* vnfained,
Vpon my conſcience *Cyrus* truſt the man,
No doubt his ſorrow and complaints are true.

Cte. O *Cyrus* ſo it pleaſde the immortall Gods;
How happie were thy ſeruant, if his words
proceeded from a vained diſſembling tongue,
So were my daughters honor vndefiled,
And *Creſiphon* her father not exiled.

Cyr. Be valiant *Ctesiphon* and follow me,
Follow the fortune of a haphie campe,
Not doubt thou, but thou ſhalt ſee the ende,
Shall rue the iniuries of his barbarous life,
Among the damned ſoules in darkeſt hell.
Cte. Then ſhould my ghoſt with ſeaſeleſſe wordes oppreſt,
Paſſe and diſcend into the graue in reſt.

Exeunt omnes.

To the audience.

We gentle gentlemen deuiſe of late,
To ſhunne the vulgar and the vertuous,
Preſent to you worthie to iudge of vs,
Our workes of woorth and valiantnes at once.
What wants in vs imagin in the workes,
What in the workes, condemne the writer of,
But if the worke and writing pleaſe you both,
That Zenophon from whence we borrow write,
Being both a ſouldier and philoſopher,
Warrants what we record of *Panthea*,
It is writ in ſad and tragicke tearmes,
May moue your teares: then you content, our muſe,
That ſeemes to trouble you, againe with toies
Or needleſſe antickes imitations,
Or ſhewes, or new deuiſes ſprung a late;
we haue exilde them from our tragicke ſtage,
As trath of their tradition, that can bring
nor inſtance, nor excuſe. For what they do
In ſtead of mournefull plaints our *Chorus* ſings,
Although it be againſt the vpſtart guiſe,
Yet warranted by graue antiquitie,
we will reuiue the which hath long beene done.

Exit.

Enter Alexandra like a page, Libanio in Alexandras apparell.

Lib. Madame you see your page doth vndertake,
A costly peece of seruice for your sake,
For well that seruice costly may be called,
The ende whereof of force must cost my life,
For when th'Assyrian king shall vnderstand
My forged habit, and dissembling sex,
And in these female weedes shall find *Libanio*,
And *Alexandra* freely scape his handes,
What hope but certaine death remaines for me,
And that with torments rare and exquisite,
Yet madame for the reuerence to my Lord,
And dutie that doth bind me to your selfe,
I will be *Alexandra* for this once,
and die to saue your honour and your life.

Alex O trustie seruant, seruant of surmounting faith,
Worthie to attend the person of a god,
Rather then daughter of poore *Gobrias*,
This sacred seruice to a sillie dame,
Shall be ingrauen in tables of my heart,
with letters and characters so perfourmde,
That when this bodie is bestowde in graue,
No time nor yet corruption shall deface,
The print thereof from *Alexandras* breast.

Lib. Thankes Ladie, And for your further meede,
Sufficeth me the honour of the deede,
Me thinkes I see the Assyrian stout at hand,
Now madame carie a couragious heart,
And trust your page for *Alexandras* part.

Alex. A Tragicall part I feare *Libanio*.

Enter Antiochus, Seleucus, Critobulus with others.

Bird

Ant. Bird of a traitor I preſume de at laſt,
Your lot would be to light into my handes,
Although of cankred heart you would not yeeld,
Vntill your caſtell ſhaked about your eares.
Lib. O ſouereigne Lord ſtand gracious to this dame,
That neuer treſpaſt in offence to you.
Ant. Thy fathers treaſon in reuolting backe,
From due alleageance to th Aſſyrian crowne,
I will reuenge vpon his daughters life.
Lib. What honour in a ſillie virgins death?
That nere had power or will to harme your grace.
Ant. Becauſe the plants of ſuch corrupted ſtockes,
will fructifie according to the roote,
And for *Gobrias* treaſon to his prince,
I will preuent like miſchiefes in his race.
Lib. Admit *Gobrias* might be reclaimed,
Vnto his firſt allegiance to my Lord,
Would you remit the offence of his reuolt,
And take him to your former grace againe?
Ant. So let the gods ſtand gracious to my ſoule,
If he forſake thoſe hateful Perſian armes,
And firme his faith and loyaltie to me.
Lib. Then prince before you wreake reuenge on me,
Grant paſſeport and ſafe conduite to my page,
That he may go and ſignifie to him,
The deſperate ſtate wherein his daughter ſtandes,
When once my father ſhall perceiue my plight,
And that my life muſt pay for his reuolt,
I know that inſtant houre he will returne,
And yeeld himſelfe to quit of my bond.
Ant. Scribe giue her page ſafe conduct through my campe,
And boy when you arriue before *Gobrias*,
Tell if he returne I pardon him,
If otherwiſe, off goes his daughters head.
Alex. I will dread Lord; O madam grant the gods,

Theſe eyes once more may ſee your libertie.

Exit Alexander.

Lib. As pleaſeth their dieties *Libanio.*

Ant. *Dimon* take you this damſell to your charge,
And vſe her noble though ſhe be a thrall.

Dimon. To vſe her worſe the honour were but ſmall.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Cteſiphon.

Cte. I murther *Cyrus*, farre be ſuch a thought,
Much more the execution of the deed,
Like as the Sunne beames to the gazers eye,
So is his view to daunted *Cteſiphon*,
During the rancor of my wicked minde.
And melting all in thoughts of ſweet remorce,
How wiſe and gracious is this Perſian king,
Who by his wiſdome winnes his followers hearts,
Letting them march in armour wrought with gold,
And he girt in a coate of complete ſteele:
O *Cyrus* politique and liberall,
How honourable and magnanimious?
Rewarding vertue, and revenging wrongs,
How full of temperance and fortitude,
Daring to menace Fortune with his ſworde,
Yet mercifull in all his victories,

Enter Cyrus.

See where he comes, Ile falle vpon the ground,
And aske for pardon at his highneſſe feet.

Cyr. Riſe vp Aſſyrian, *Cyrus* is no God,

Cte. O Cyrus, know *Antiochus* my Lord,
My Lord, ſaid I, no I will renounce him quite,
Suborned me wretch with his perſuaſious wordes,
To doe a deed of ſuch impietie,
As I God knowes ſuborne to thinke vpon,
It was thy death victorious Cyrus,
But mightie Lord your vertues conquered me,
And of an enemie falſe and trecherous,

Am

Am I become a vowed friend to *Cyrus* health,
And in that reſolution preſt to die.

Cyr. Liue long to waile for thy pretended ill,
As free from puniſhment as for reward,
The liues of kings are garded by the gods,
Nor are they in the hands of mortall men,
Aſſyrian, though thy ſword were at my breaſt,
The gealous angell that attends on vs,
Would ſnatch it from thy hands, and fling it downe.
And therefore muſe not at this accident.

Cte. Seeing knightly Cyrus is thus mercifull,
Vouchſafe this ſeruice at thy vaſſals hands,
Giue me but letters from your Maieſtie,
To ſignifie how faine your would haue peace,
And draw your legions from Aſſyria,
And bearing them vnto *Antiochus*,
In the deliuerie I will murther him.
So highly do I honour Cyrus name,
So vildlie thinke on baſe *Antiochus*.

Enter Gobrias with Alexandra.

Cyr. Thou ſhalt haue letters to th'Aſſyrian king,
Free libertie to paſſe from this our campe,
And conduit monie from our Treaſurie,
Attend our leyſure, I will ſend thee ſtraight.
What virgin is it that *Gobrias* leades?

Go. My daughter mightie Cyrus, and your child,
For I commit her to your patronage.

Cyr. Then princely virgin welcom to our campe.
But why ſigh you, why hang you downe the head?
And in your pale lookes burie beauties pride,
T'is pitie theſe lookes ſhould be ſtainde with teares.

Alex. Euen as a doue late rifeled by the Eagle,
Whoſe breaſt is taintd with his forked talents,
So ſtands poore *Alexandra* terrified.

And almoſt dead to think of her eſcape,
If thou be *Cyrus* of whom Aſia rings,
Reſcue, O reſcue poore *Libanio*.
Cyr. From whom faire madame ſhould I reſcue him.
Alex. O from Antiochus that bloodie king.
Who when he heard my father ſerude your grace,
Beſiegde his fortreſſe with his men at armes,
Where onely I and that *Libanio* ſtaide,
By whom I liue, For when the hold was loſt,
He being bondman and of a baſer birth,
would needes conſtraine me to put on his weedes,
And he diſguiſde as I was woont to go,
would be *Gobrias* daughter in my ſtead,
And ſo was thought of king Antiochus,
and all the nobles of his warlike campe,
But I a bondman and at his requeſt,
whoſe care was onely to preſerue my life,
Sent hither as a meſſenger from him,
To will my father whom they thought my Lord,
To leaue your campe, and come to Babylon,
Or elſe *Libanio* his beloued childe
ſhould die for his ſo traitorlike reuolt,
And die he muſt, leaſt *Cyrus* giue him life.
Cyr. The deed was full of honor and deceit,
If gold will pay his raunſome, he ſhall liue,
And therefore *Alexandra* be not ſad.
Gob. So ſhall *Gobrias* be at *Cyrus* becke,
And for his ſake make lauiſh of his blood.
Alex. And when they know how he deluded them,
I feare they'le rate his raunſome at his head.
Cy. Then blood and death Bellonas waiting maid,
ſhall ghaſtly march in Babylons waſte ſtreetes,
And neuer was a bondmans death reuengde,
as *Cyrus* meanes for this *Libanio*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

Enter Araſpas, and a Magitian, to Panthea aſleepe.

Ara. Giue me the charme, for now doth *Panthea* ſleep
If it preuaile this iewell ſhall be thine,
Mag. Doubt not the operation of this charme,
For I haue tride it on *Dianas* nymph,
And made her wanton and laſciuious,
If *Panthea* be a Goddeſſe ſhe muſt yeeld.
Ara. But tell me firſt, how muſt it be applied?
And in what time will it begin to worke?
Mag. Lay it vnder the pillow of her bed,
and in an houre it will make her wake and yeeld.
Ara. I will. Now fauour me infernall *Ioue*.
Mag. So, wake her not till ſhe begins to ſmile,
Now loue begins to ſeare him in her braine.
Pan. Away I will not, you are impudent.
Ara. Tell me Magitian, what importes this ſpeech?
Mag. Why now ſhe thinkes ſome ſolicites her.
Pan. You are deceiude, I am not beautifull.
Ara. O giue me leaue to court her in her ſleepe,
It may be when ſhe wakes ſhe will not loue.
Mag. Softly Araſpas, if you talke, ſhe wakes.
Ara. O let her wake, I long to talke with her.
Mag. Now ginnes her eyes to open, and ſhe ſtirres.
Ara. Stand thou aſide vntill I call for thee.
Pan. What dreames and fond illuſions haue I had?
How comes this word Loue, In *Panthea's* minde?
I loue, nay rather will I die then loue,
and yet againſt my will I thinke on loue,
O *Panthea* thinke vpon thy funerall,
For thou art withered with exceſſiue griefe,
Loue and deformitie cannot agree.
Ara. If *Panthea* be faire and beautifull,
Then loue and *Panthea* doe well agree.

Pan. *Araſpas*, *Panthea* and her ſelfe will iarre,
when ſhe ſhall yeeld to loue. Or what is loue
But gall and aloes to my martyred ſoule,
Now Abradates is not in my ſight.
Araſ. Here is Araſpas louelie Panthea,
For thee Ile leaue the field, then leaue thou him,
For thee Ile leaue the world, then loue thou me.
Let Cyrus ioy in pompe and emperie,
Suffiseth me to conquer faire *Panthea*.
Let others glorie in their ground and golde,
Panthea to me is twentie thouſand worlds.
And without *Panthea* all the world is traſh,
Pan. For thee Araſpas will I curſe my ſtarres,
That ſuffers thee ſo to ſolicite me,
For thee I will count the world as hell,
Except thou leaue thus to ſolicite me.
Ara. How figuratiue is *Panthea* in her ſpeach?
Reſembling cunning Rethoritians,
who in the perſon of ſome one deceaſde,
Perſwades their auditors to what they pleaſe,
I cannot thinke that theſe be *Panthea's* words,
She is ſo faire to giue ſo ſharpe replie.
But if theſe be the wordes of *Panthea*,
Then muſt ſhe change her face, and ſeeme leſſe faire,
For know that beautie is loues harbinger,
Then being beautious, *Panthea* needes muſt loue.
Pan. Would I were changde into ſome other ſhape,
That I might fright thee with my hideous lookes,
I in the perſon of my ſelfe deceaſde.
Proteſt this heart ſhall neuer harbour loue,
But if my lookes be this preparatiue,
Ile beate my face againſt the hapleſſe earth,
Or deeply harrow it with theſe my trembling hands,
which I hold vp to heauen to chaunge thy minde,
Or haſten death to rid me from this ſute.

Nay

Araſ. Nay then if amorous courting will not ſerue,
Know whether thou wilt or no Ile make thee yeeld,
Pan. Though fortune make me captiue, yet know thou
That *Pantheas* will can neuer be conſtrainde.
Ara. But torments can enforce a womans will.
Pan. Then ſhould thy importunitie enforce,
The ſight of thee Araſpas ſhould conſtraine,
For I proteſt before the gods of heauen,
No torment can be greater in my thought.
Ara. I, ſay ſo till ye feele them *Panthea.*
Pan. I feele more torments then thou canſt inuent,
who adde the more ſhall eaſe that I ſuſtaine,
All torments be they neuer ſo exquiſite,
Are but aſcending ſteps vnto my ende,
And death tu *Panthea* is a beneſite,
what are thy threates but ſugred promiſes.
Ara. Then ſhalt thou liue and Ile importune thee.
Pan. I, now is *Panthea* menaced to the proofe.
Yet euery word thou ſpeakes ſhall wound my heart,
And in deſpite of thee Ile die at laſt,
The earneſter thou art the ſooner too,
But to preuent it thus I will flie from thee,
Cyrus ſhall know Araſpus villanie.

Exit Panthra.

Ara. Thus therefore ſhall I pine, abandon loue,
O t'is inherent to Araſpas ſoule,
And thereby claimes an immortalitie.
So it ſhall nere begin, nor neuer end,
A curſed Magitian, are theſe thy wicked ſpels?
Ma. O pardon me my honourable Lord,
For *Pantheas* vertues fruſtrated all my art.
Ara. Muſt Magicke yeeld to vertue? wherfore then
Didſt thou aſſure me ſhe ſhould be in loue?
Ma. So was ſhe being a ſleepe, as did appeare.
Ara. And why not being wake, ſpeake villain ſpeake

Reaſon

Mag. Reaſon my Lord was the predominant,
Her intellectuall part ſtriued againſt loue,
and Magicke cannot commaund the ſoule,
while appetite and common ſenſe remained,
You ſaw I made her ſmile, embrace the aire,
and ſhew the affects of amorous conceits,
Few women vſe to skirmiſh with ſuch thoughts,
and had this *Panthea* beene at libertie,
ſhe would haue yeelded to your honours ſute.
But in captiuitie is nought but greefe,
and loue with greefe will keepe no reſidence.

Ara. Smooth are thy wordes, but rough and harſh thy ſenſe,
For they import *Panthea* cannot be forced.
Canſt thou with inchauntations make her die?
That ſhe being gone my loue may follow her.

Mag. Life is adiunct vnto our humane forme,
Exempt from Magicke and Magitians,
And thats the cauſe we ſooner hurt brute beaſts,
Then ſuch as haue the ſemblance of our ſelues.

Ara. Deceitfull Artiſan thy words are ſleights,
Thy wordes deceitfull and full of guile,
Wit is a witch, ſweete words muſt conquer her,
Out of my ſight, yet conceale this attempt.
If thou bewray it, maugre all thy skill,
This ſworde ſhall ſend thee to eternall hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Dinon and Libanio.

Dinon. Now are we at the bankes of Euphrates,
Farre from the campe where ſouldiers haunt,
and here may we vnder this poplar ſhade,
Diſcourſe vpon the ſweetneſſe of our loue.

Lib. You know my Lord I am too yong to loue,

Dinon. Faire Alexandra, if thou loue not me.
Thou art compact of adamant and yron,

Thy

Thy yeares are fit for loue, ſo are thy lookes,
Lib. How fit ſo ere my yeares be and my lookes,
I Alexandra am vnfit to loue.
Is not my father with the Perſian king,
And I Alexendra as captiue in his ſtead,
And giue me leaue to waile my hard eſtate,
and make a riuer with my flowing teares,
That mingled with the ſtreame of Euphrates,
May ſwiftly runne vnto my fathers ſeate,
And make him haſt to great Antiochus.
Dinon. Nay rather ſit vpon this ſedgie bankes,
That I ſeeing thy ſhadowe in the ſtreame,
May feede my fancie with thy pleaſant view,
If not enioy the ſweetneſſe I deſire,
and leape into the waues and drowne my ſelfe,
That thou maiſt pittie *Dinon* being dead.
Lib. O I could pittie *Dinon* being aliue,
But that I feare my father will not come,
and then ſhall Alexandra ſuffer death,
and being dead *Dinon* may pittie me.
Dinon. Loue, may I call thee loue, loe ſhee doth not (frowne,
Her lookes giues warrant for that Epitite,
For thee Ile kneele before Antiochus,
and rather then thou ſhalt be toucht by him,
Ile beare thee hence as farre as Tanais,
Or keepe thee cloſe in theſe Aſſyrian woods,
Lib. No place is ſecrete to Antiochus,
Doſt thou not know that kings hath reaching hands?
Dinon. I do yet know my ſworde is ſharpe and keene
which when I drawe and brandiſh in the aire,
all Babylon will fight in my auaile,
who honour me more than Antiochus.
I will not ſay how great thy dowre ſhall be,
Nor boaſt what cities I commaund,
Let this, though not a king in name,

In wealth and friends I am an Emperour.
Lib. If I ſhould yeeld your honour might ſuppoſe,
That dignitie and wealth ſhould conquer me,
Therefore I bluſh to ſay I loue my Lord.
Dinon. And when thou bluſhes *Dinons* heart is fired,
Therefore to quench it giue a gentle grant.
Lib. My honor being preſerude, my grant is giuen.
Dinon. Thereof am I as chairie as thy ſelfe,
And of thy loue as of my proper life,
O *Alexandra* thy wordes rauiſheth me,
Lull me a ſleepe with ſweetneſſe of thy voice.
Lib. Then ſhall my ſong be of my *Dinons* praiſe,
Sleepe *Dinon*, then *Libanio* draw thy ſword,
And manly thruſt it in his ſlumbring heart.
There is no way to ſaue thy life but this.
And therefore feare not, ſhall I ſlaughter him
That intertained me with ſuch amorous wordes,
Such bounteous gifts and golden promiſes?
When he ſhall know I am *Libanio*,
And go I cannot but I ſhall be taine,
Vnleſſe I ſlay him in his hapleſſe ſleepe,
For he will quickly wake and follow me,
Now *Dinon* dies, alas I cannot ſtrike,
This habit makes me ouer pitifull.
Remember that thou art *Libanio*. *She killes him.*
No woman but a bondman, ſtrike and flie.
Exit.

Enter the Aſſyrian king and his Nobles.

An. Now that *Gobrias* fortreſſe is our owne,
His daughter priſoner, and his Countrie burnt,
Lets march from hence to welthie Babylon.
And muſter thoſe reſolued Citizens,
To meete the Perſian in the open field,
Twice hath he led his forces by our gates,
Yet neuer durſt to mount his battring Ramme,

Or warlike engine againſt the rampred walles,
Therefore we lie no more in garriſon,
But buſſell out and fight for libertie,
Nob. My Lord behold where *Dinon* ſlaughtred lies
Ant. *Dinon*, thou art deceyde it is not he,
Nob. It is my Lord I know him by his ſcarres.
Ant. Theſe ſcarres were giuen him in my fathers dayes,
And now he is dead, ere I cou'd guerdon him.
The greateſt honour I can doe thee nowe,
Is to lament and kiſſe thy lueleſſe cheekes,
And that will I performe for Dinons ſake,
O that I could reuiue thee with this kiſſe,
Nob. Doubtleſſe *Gobrias* daughter murdered him,
I ſawe them in the morning walke abroad,
And ſince they ne're returnde into the campe,
Ant. Then ſhe hath done this execrable fact,
And ſo is fled vnto her traiterous ſire,
O that a ſillie Maide ſhould ſlaughter him,
Which not a world of Perſians could ſubdue,
Is there no ende of my calamitie?
My father done to death by *Cyrus* ſword,
Wicked *Gobrias* and his daughter fled,
Falſe *Creſiphon* reſolude to murther me,
And now *Dinon* my chiefeſt captaine ſlaine,
Why runne we not vpon theſe Perſians,
which are the authours of theſe miſeries?
Come ſouldiers take him vp and march away,
Weele empte Babylon to meete our foes,
And be reuengde vnto the ninth degree,
Both of *Gobrias* and his familie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cyrus, Panthea, Gobrias, Hyſtaſpis.

Pan. O *Cyrus* if the fortune of thy hande,
Haue turnde my freedome to captiuitie,

And of a Queene made me a captiue dame,
Yet thinke that vertue is not thrall to chaunce,
Nor honour subiect to vnhappie time,
But like a gallant consecrated ship,
That in extreamest wrath and stormes of seas,
Vaunts all her sailes and fights the battaile out.
Cyr. Madame the reason of these vehement tearmes,
Cyrus doth neither know, nor can coniect,
If since the time of your captiuitie,
You haue not beene intreated as you ought,
The gods can tell t'is farre against my thought.
Pan. Then know my great Lord, the man that tooke (the charge,
To gard my honor, and my person free,
Long since doted on my person so,
That doting he hath sought my honors wreake,
A tedious siege (God knowes) I haue endured,
More hedious vnto me then hastie armes,
Whilde vilde *Araspas* with his lewde desires,
Ceaselesse solicited my vnlawfull bed,
without repulses I haue quailed his hope,
which he renued with charge of fresh assaults,
But my denials made his purpose vaine,
In fine, when no intreatie could preuaile,
To frame my fancie to his wicked will,
He falles to threatnings from persuasious termes,
And vowes to purchase his desires by force,
And therefore *Cyrus* (as thou art a king)
Protect a Ladies honour from the spoile,
And let thy bondmaid liue and die vnstaind,
And if there rest no other hope for me,
But bauocke wrake and ruine of my fame,
O *Cyrus* on thy sworde let *Panthea* die,
And so preuent the daunger of my shame.
Cy. Ladie, how farre your vsage disagrees,
From *Cyrus* meaning, records be the gods,

As for my ſelfe (not vainly be it ſaide)
I holde my eyes in bondage to my will,
And keepe my thoughts in yoke to reaſon loue,
My ſight on beautie neuer ſurfetted,
And where her beames were likely to infect,
My iudgement was a vaile before mine eyes
To beare ſuch pearcing fancies from my heart,
Such as I am, ſuch muſt my followers be,
Elſe let them packe they ſhall not follow me.
The man that offered to diſhonour you,
ſhall be ſo throughly chaſtiſed for his fault,
As you ſhall reſt ſufficiently reuenged,
and knowledge me a gracious conquerour,
Hiſtaſpis carie her to your pauilion.

Pan. So ſtand the gods aſsiſtant to your armes,
as you ſtand pittifull to my miſhaps.

Exit Hiſtaſpis and Panthea.

Enter Gobrias, Libanio in womans attyre.

Lib. My Lord, the gods and fate reſerues your page,
To doe you further ſeruice ere he dies.

Cy. Gobrias goes your page in that attyre?

Go. My Lord, ſhe is no page of mine.
Some ſhameleſſe ſtrumpet and laſcioious trull.

Lib. And hath my Lord forgot his ſeruant then?

Gob. Firſt muſt I know before I can forget,
Thee haue I neither ſeene nor knowne till now.

Lib. O ſay not ſo my Lord, for oft ere this
I haue beene ſeene and throughly knowne to you,
And you I know to be my gracious Lord.
Gobrias that renowmde Aſſyrian.

Gob. Fond girle it ſeemes thy wits be not thine owne.

Lib. What hath my Lord forgot *Libanio*?

Gob. I know thee now thou art my ſweet *Libanio*,
Thy borrowed habite made me to miſtake,

To ſcape ſo ſafely from th' Aſſyrian campe
Lib. This meane I found and pleaſe my Lord & king,
vpon ſuppoſe of Alexandra ſelfe,
I was committed to a noble man,
Hight *Dinon*, to be guarded in his tent.
The glorie of my counterfet attire,
And maners framed according thereunto,
Did ſo inflame *Dinon* that with my loue,
That waking, ſleeping, or what euer elſe,
He felt a reſtleſſe combate in his thoughts,
In fine, more ſafely to commence his loue,
He led me quite beyonde th' Aſſyrian campe,
And brought me to the bankes of Euphrates,
There ſate we downe, and he with amorous plea,
Not onely fild, but cloyde my wearie eares,
ſo farre that what with long continued talke,
And heate of ſunne reflecting on the bankes,
Or happlie with the rating harmonie,
which Euphrates his gliding ſtreames did keepe,
Which ſeeing I imagined that the gods
Had offred this occaſion to my hands,
For ſweete recouerie of my freedome.
Short tale to make, with dreadfull hand I drew,
The ſworde that hangde looſe dangling by his ſide.
And with the full of my extended force,
I ſheathd it home amidſt the owners ribbes,
He wounded fet an inwarde grone or two,
Then turning on his face breathes forth his life,
The deed diſpatcht, I hied me thence amaine,
And ſcaping cleane without impeach or ſtay,
Now ſtand before the Perſian king this day.
Cyr. Preſident of manly fortitude,
Exceeding farre the opinion of thy yeares,
Gobrias haue an honourable care,
Alex. Labanis now leaue Alexandras weedes,

That part is p'aid, and be your ſelfe againe,
That part poore boy with danger thou haſt plaid.
Lib. Madame, no daunger can be ſo great,
That Ile refuſe for Alexandras ſake,
Cy. *Gobrias* ſay, is Alexandra ſhe,
For whom your page theſe hizards hath ſuſtainde?
Gob. It is my Lord. *Cy.* Then let vs to your wiſhed for
Gob. That place O *Cyrus* I deſire to ſee, (place.
Cy. This is the place the men that follow me.
Gob. Then wample both my eyes that with this turfe,
I may be ſure to hit a vertuous man.
Cy. Shall ſhe be his on whom this turfe ſhall light?
Gob. So that the man be good and vertuous,
Cy. Then throw at random when you pleaſe *Gobrias*,
You cannot miſſe a good and vertuous man.
Gob. Then Alexandra at thy husbands head.
Cy. *Hiſtaſpis* you are hit. *Hiſt.* I am my Lord,
Gob. Then Alexandra if you pleaſe is yours.
Hiſt. Happie were I if Alexandra pleaſe.
Alex. My Lord the fortune of my fathers hand,
Becommeth not his daughter to withſtand.
To pleaſe my Lord and father I am yours.
Gob. Your fathers pleaſde, *Hiſtaſpis* ſhe is yours.
Cy. *Hiſtaſpis* take your loue at *Cyrus* hand,
this is our guiſe, and this the Perſians do,
they wooe and wed within a worde or two. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Antiochus, Hircanus, Ariſtobulus, and Cteſiphon.

Ant. No *Cteſiphon* vnſheath thy bloodie ſworde,
And ſhew it ſtaind and cankred with the gore,
that iſſued from that vaunting Perſians heart.
What draw man, and ſhew thy iuſt conceale
thy pay is preſt in readie numbred golde,
Cte. My Lord and king I beare no bloodie ſworde,
Nor ſtaind with gore of Perſians *Cyrus* heart,

A prince he is farre from delite in blood,
Milde, louely, vertuous, wise and bountifull,
Able to reconcile his greatest foes,
And make great princes of his meanest friends.
Ant. Thy going was to compasse *Cyrus* death,
How haps thy purpose ends without effect?
Cte. The Persian prince inclines to tearmes of truce,
and craues the friendship of Antiochus,
So please my Lord the king to firme a peace,
For briefe whereof his letters I present,
Signed and deliuered with his royall hand,
Sincerely tending to the same effect,
Wherein if once your highnesse condiscend,
He will withdraw his armies from Assyria,
And on the couenants sealde dissolue his campe.
Ant. In case the Persian prince be so inclinde,
thy answere shall lesse offend my mind.

Cyrus to Antiochus, health,

This bearer coming to my camp armd with resolution to kill me, and intreated more honorably then either his trecherie or thine could deserue. *Apprehend Ctesiphon.*
Cte. What reades my Lord aright, or doth he faine?
Hir. That you shall know before you start againe.
Vpon the instant purpose of his interprice, it pleased God to confound him with such horror of conscience, that vncõstraind he cõfest the treason, & intreated pardon, vowing himselfe so far forth friend to *Cyrus*, that for his sake he would kill Antiochus. I was content to sooth the man in his villanie, because I would haue thee know the difference twixt an open fo & a dissembling friend, I giue thee this notice, not because I loue thee, or regard thy life, but becausse a villain shall not triumph in the murder of him whom I account an honorable conquest of my self. Reward him according to his merits, & prepare to fight with me for thy own honor. *Farewell.*

This

Cte. Theis thankleſſe Perſian whom I ſpared from
Bequites me with the betraying of my life, (death,
Ant. What anſwere maketh traiterous *Cteſiphon?*
Cte. O prince my guilt is plaine before my face,
And witnelde with a princes ſeale,
To ſtande vpon denialll were but vaine,
where open proofe conuicts me of offence,
I ſay no more, but proſtrate at your feete,
Submit my ſelfe to mercie of my Lord.
Ant. Such mercie as to traitors doth belong,
Such, and no better *Cteſiphon* ſhall finde,
Diſarme him of his martiall abiliment.
Diſgrade him of all tides of regarde,
And then referre his attachment to your prince,
Hir This cote of armes, the badge of honor wun,
Through praiſe and vertue of thy auncestors,
We rent it from that traiterous backe of thine,
And as an honour ſtainde with villanie,
In deepe diſdaine we ſtampe it vnder foote,
Ariſt. This ſworde that once was girt vnto thy ſide,
To be emp'oyde in ſeruice of thy prince,
Now vowde to gore the bowels of his grace,
we breake it here vpon thy traiterous head,
Hir. Theſe ſquares of knighthoode that preſent the (pride,
and honour due, to chiualrie and armes,
whoſe prickes ſhould force the proud courageous ſteed
with thundering race to breake the riders launce,
Thus doe we hew them from thy traiterous heeles,
Ant. Thou art no man of honour nor of armes,
Thou haſt no title of Gentilitie,
Nor ſtile of honour, left hereof to vaunt,
But art become inferiour of regarde.
Then is the baſeſt bondman of Aſſyria,
Or vileſt ſlaue that haunts the Lidian dames.
Ariſt. Diſhonoured traitor, now prepare thy ſelfe,

To

To yeeld thy head vnto the hangmans axe,
Cte. Not fate but my demerits makes me die,
O now I finde *Nihilum produtor.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Hiſtaſpis Araſpas.

Ara. I feare the furie of the Perſian prince,
Hiſtaſpis, Cyrus furie I doe feare,
Hiſt. And wrath of princes, what is it but death?
Araſpas on my honour make a proofe,
And neuer ſhunne the preſence of our Lord,
A prince he is moſt milde and mercifull,
Soone mollified with vowes and penitence,
And though with great impacience he endure,
Your threatned violence to the Suſan Queene,
Yet your ſubmiſsion and deſire of grace,
Will pearce him with compaſsion of your ſute,
And purchaſe pardon at his royall handes.
Ara. O ſpitefull beautie that bewitcht my minde,
And led my fancie to ſuch foule extreames,
I will aſſay the mercie of my Lorde,
And yeeld my life to hazzard of his grace,
Hiſt. And doubt not but of *Cyrus* you ſhall finde,
A pitifull and paſsing gracious prince.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. Hiſtaſpis and the reſt, withdraw your ſelues,
Onely *Araſpas* ſtay behind with me.
Ara. My ſouereigne Lord in trembling feare I ſtay,
And proſtrate fall before your highneſſe feete,
The fraile affects and errours of my youth,
Enforſed through follies of a wanton will,
Hath caſt my life in perill of your wrath,
Blinded with charmes of beautie I haue falne,
And made my iudgement ſubiect to deſire.
And in purſute of loues vnbrideled rage,
I haue tranſgreſt the bounds of honours lawes,

O gracious Lord impute my error paſt,
Vnto the power of proud commanding loue,
That led my minde and thought ſo farre aſtray,
Forgiue thoſe frailties of my youth, O king,
And take your ſeruant once againe to grace,
with feare of your diſpleaſure almoſt ſlaine.

Cy. Force to a Queene, and ſhe a captiue too,
A Perſian Lord ſo farre miſled with luſt,
Intend diſhonour to a ſillie dame,
Araſpas they that would be conquerors,
Should chiefly learne to conquer their deſire,
Leaſt while they ſeeke dominion ouer others,
They proue but ſlaues and bondmen to themſelues.
Now where are thoſe your big and braue diſputes,
Wherein you pleaded loue was voluntarie,
And fancie left and intertaind at will,
When you imbrace it in ſuch raging heate,
That where intreaties faile of your deſires,
You fall from yowes to violence with the dame,
Araſpas for the excuſe of this offeuce,
You find no preſident in *Cyrus* life.

Ara. I know and grant my Lord, the prince abounds
with peareleſſe gifts and graces of the minde,
wherewith the gods haue fild his kingly breaſt,
There nought but vertuous motions taketh roote,
Nothing but honour harbours in that ſeate,
And holy thoughts direct his royall deedes.
That ſo his grace might euerie way be found,
worthie the glorie of ſo hie a charge,
Yet ſince theſe frailties that diſgrace your thrall,
are humane faults and incident to minde,
Where ſtrong deſires hold reaſon vnder yoke,
The wonted mercie of my Lord the prince,
So prone in fauour to the penetent,
May mittigate the ſhame of this my fault.

With

With ſweete compaſſion to his princes thrall.
Cyr. Araſpas I remit thee this amiſſe,
although blameworthie in the hieſt degree,
and for your tried deſerts in martiall praiſe,
I am content this follie to forget,
Yet would I haue it ſeeme vnto the world,
That my diſpleaſure made you flie from me,
And ſo reuolted to the Aſſyrian armes,
There this ſuppoſe ſhall make you intertainde,
and highly fauoured of that graceleſſe king,
By meanes whereof full ſafely you may learne,
The garriſon and ſtrength of Babylon,
The vtmoſt force and puiſſance of our foes,
With euerie purpoſe of Antiochus,
The time and place where he intents to fight,
Then hauing learnde the full of euerie thing,
In ſecrete you may ſcape againe to me:
With iuſt relation of the Aſſyrian campe.
This ſeruice if you pleaſe to vndertake,
You ſhall effect a ſinguler good turne,
and reape mortall thanks at *Cyrus* hands.
Ara. No longer let Araſpas liue and breath,
Then with the vtmoſt venture of his life,
He will performe what *Cyrus* ſhall command.
And ſacred price for this extended grace,
Though in the compaſſe of this hard affaire,
I leaue th'Aſſyrian faction to maintaine,
yet vow to beare a truſtie Perſian heart.
Cy. Then go with fortune, and returne with health
and grant the gods this enterprice of thine,
May end and proſper with deſirde effect.
Ara. And grant the gods that *Cyrus* ſtill may liue,
happie in peace, and in armes victorious.
Cy. To pacifie the angrie *Panthea's* moode,
I will perſwade her of Araſpas flight.

That he is reuolted to the Assyrian king.

Enter Panthea.

Pan. Readie the humble handmaid of my Lord.
Cyr. To calme the heate of your offended mind,
Thus haue I lost as braue a warriour,
As euer trode vpon the Persian fields.
Pan. What warrior means my Lord and conqueror?
Cy. Araspas, who in feare of my displeasure,
Is fled from me vnto th'Assyrian campe,
And hath forsooke the Persians colours quite,
Thus madame for your sake hath *Cyrus* done,
Euen lost the worthiest souldier of his band.
Pan. Cyrus let not his losse perplex your minde,
If you will let me send a messenger,
Vnto my Lord and husband *Abradates*,
I know for these your princely fauours done,
To me his wife in this my captiues plight,
He will attend your fortune in the warres.
With more sincere affection, loue and zeale,
Then euer that vngracious person did.
Againe, my Lord my husband is a knight,
As forward treads, and fortunate in armes,
As euer spred his colours in the field.
Cyr. Is it likely Abradatus will forsake,
His natiue prince to follow forraine armes,
Pan. The father of this king by *Cyrus* slaine,
was highly loued and honourde of my Lord,
This now that reignes affected *Panthea's* bed,
Sought to procure a most vniust diuorce,
Betwixt my best beloued Lord and me,
who therefore beares him an immortall hate,
The starres of which incurable despight,
Remaine so deepe inprinted in his thought,
That ten times blessed would he thinke himselfe,
To finde a fit occasion for reuenge.

Beleeue

Cy. Beleeue me Madam, if your Lord be armde,
With such sore grounded malice to the prince,
His helpe may greatly further my affaires,
And therefore if you can procure the man,
To stand assistant to the Persian armes,
You shall deserue great thankes at *Cyrus* hand.
Pan. Cyrus, I will presume to make my Lord
A trustie follower of the Persian armes,
And him your highnesse shall not faile to finde,
A noble friend and valiant gentleman.
Cy. And Madam, he shall want at *Cyrus* hands,
No praise, nor honour due to good deserts. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

Enter Antiochus, Araspas, and Nobles.

Ant. Araspas though thy birth and parentage,
Seeme deadly to the Assyrian eares,
Being discended of our chiefest foes,
who purchaste gentrie by our ouerthrow,
And in their insignes beare the Assyrian armes,
Yet seeing thou commest as confederate,
In token that I loue and honour thee,
Receiue this sworde, and fight couragiously.
Ara. Antiochus Ile weare it for thy sake,
And for the wrong that *Cyrus* offered me,
Vnlesse my destnie preuent my drift,
Ile quickly hansell it with *Cyrus* blood.
Nob. Wherein hath *Cyrus* wrongd thee Persian say,
Ara. In barring me of her whom I esteeme,
Aboue the value of his Diademe.
Panthea my Lord.
Ant. What *Panthea*, Abradates wife?
Ara. I louely *Panthea* Abradates wife,
Ant. Speake not of *Panthea* if thou loueſt me,

For

For her remembrance wounds my heart afresh,
Nob. His grace is alwayes passionate and sad,
If she be mentioned, therefore name her not.
Ara. Not that alone, but manie iniuries,
Insenst me to attempt his ouerthrow,
For in the field wherein your father fell,
I got rich armour, golde, and sumptuous tents,
all which he tooke vnto his proper vse,
and gaue vnto his speciall fauourites,
Nor had I wherewithall at *Cyrus* hands,
To heale those wounds which I receiued in fight.
Ant. Then see thou make as deepe wounds in his (flesh,
And so crie quittance with the couetous king,
I giue thee to this sword, armour and horse,
a horse as fierce as proude Bucephalus,
armour of trustier proofe then *Thetis* found,
Therefore Araspas fight couragiously.
Ara. Albeit I haue not Alexanders skill,
To manage him, nor yet Achilles armes,
to charge as brauely, yet as good a heart,
as Alexander or Achilles euer had.
And when I shrinke for feare out of the field,
Let me be torne in peeces with that horse,
Or hewed to death with this bright cortelaux,
Ant. Thy wordes Araspas tise me to the field,
and makes me thinke I shall be conquerour,
Come let vs march from wealthie Babylon,
and then to wards *Cyrus* with our royall campe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Panthea, and Cyrus.

Pan. My husband mightie Lord, from Bactria,
Where he lay legar for th'Assyrian king,
Is come to serue vnder your highnesse flagges,
and in your aide hath brought two thousand horse,
Backt by his friends Assyrian Gentlemen.

all

all which will die at conquering *Cyrus* feete.

Cy. Is Abradates come from Bactria,
Then will I leaue to mone Araſpas loſſe,
and thinke on conqueſt and ſweete victorie?
Gobrias go with louely *Panthea*,
and bring him preſently vnto our tent,
With thoſe braue horſemen of Aſſyria,
You warlike and victorious men,
Marſhall your ſeuerall bands in equipage,
That Abradates king of Suſia,
May wonder at the hugeneſſe of our campe,
and be the willinger to league with vs.

Enter Abrdates with other,

Here he comes; and if by his aſpect,
I may coniecture of his qualities,
He is valiant, wiſe, truſtie and liberall,

Ab. I need not aske which is the Perſian king,
The vertues ſhining in his glorious lookes,
Say this is Cyrus, and in ſigne of loue,
will Abradates thus ſalute his grace,

Cy. Sweete Abradates thou imbraſing me,
Hath ſtolne my heart, I loue and honour thee,

Ab. Faire Lord was neuer captiue gentler vſde,
Then *Panthea* of this gracious conquerour.
For Panthea, Cyrus land this my traine,
Of which the meaneſt Soulder may take charge,
and be commander of a campe of men,
So able, wiſe and venterous they are,
Doth reſt for euer at your highneſſe becke,
Our horſes which are graſing on the plaine,
In winter gallops, and in Iſie ſeas,
and in the ſommer ſwimmes the deepeſt ſtreames,
Swifter are they in pace then lightfoot Hart,
Surer they are then Cammels dlodding on the wayes,
Fiercer then Tygres, and as

Olephants

Olephants with Caſtles on their backes,
And if they were compaſt with arming pikes,
They knew which way to make their paſſage forth,
And when their ſides is painted eke with blood,
they pull their reines, and lookes downe to the ground
As if they vaunted of their ſeruice done,
The rider being diſmounted they ſtand ſtill,
And kneele vpon the ground to take him vp,
But if he chaunce to die, they pine to death.
Theſe are *Cyrus* and the riders too,
Souldiers as good as euer ſunne behelde,
Cyr. Theſe horſes thou ſpeakeſt of makes me glorie more,
Then Lydian Creſſus in his heapes of gold,
And of them all doth Cyrus make account,
As of the ſtrengthes and ſinewes of the warre,
We haue intelligence the Aſſyrian king
Is come from Babylon to meete vs ſtraight,
Therefore if Abradates fauour vs,
Mount and away for we'le aſſaile them firſt.
Abra. For that comes Abradates, lets away.
Pan. But Abradates I will arme thee firſt,
Seeſt thou theſe pouldrons they are golde,
Theſe vanbraces and currets maſsie golde,
The gorget and thy helmet beaten golde,
The belt imbrodered golde, yet all to baſe,
For Abradate louelier then the golde,
May neuer ſpeare be broken on this breaſt,
But that the point thereof may ſoone returne,
And ſtrike him dead that durſt to giue that charge,
This helmet ſhunne thee from the ſling and darts,
This kiſſe make thee turne with victorie,
As for this garland made of ſoftie palme,
Panthea reſerues it for her conquering Lord,
Vpon whoſe head will *Panthea* faſten it,
And hanging on his necke like *Hectors* wife,

Inquire the maner of the battell paſt.
Abr. Faire be my fortune for my *Panthea*,
Hiſt. My Lord Araſpas in th'Aſſyrian armes,
Doth craue ſucceſſe vnto your Maieſtie.
Cy. Araſpas, let him come, he is our friend.
And brings vs tidings from our enimies.

Enter Araſpas.

Ara. Health vnto the perſon of my gracious lord.
Cyr. Welcome *Araſpas*, brings thou chearful newes?
Is Antiochus reſolued to fight?
Ara. This day he meanes to encounter with your hoſt.
Cy. What is the number of his fighting men?
Ara. In all two hundred thouſand at the leaſt,
And thus in order lies his noble campe.
The forefront is ten chariots,
Of purpoſe to diſranke the approching foe.
Next them are fiftie thouſand horſmen placde,
To breake in where the chariots breake the way,
Next them fiue thouſand ſlaues being lightly
laden with ſpeares, helmet, naked ſwordes,
To go along to ſerue the horſmens vſe.
Then twentie thouſand Scythians runagates,
with venomde darts, whoſe heades are tipt with ſteele,
And laſt the battell of th'Aſſyrians,
Being hedgde with launces, as a wood with Briers.
On whoſe heades the croſſebowes and the ſlings,
will ſhoote and throw bullets of maſsie yron,
Whoſe verie fall would ſtrike Aclipos downe,
In middeſt whereof Antiochus will march,
Before whom doe a thouſand bondmen draw
A brazen wall built vpon turning wheles,
To gard him ſure and his concubine,
All theſe vpon my honour I aduer.
Cy. If euery ſouldrer had a wall of braſſe,
It could not daunt vs, we are reſolute,

And vowed and ſworne vnto our ſwordes,
which teacheth vs to ſcorne a brazen wall.
Abr. Renowmed *Cyrus*, honour me thus farre,
To haue the leading of your vauntgard forth.
Hiſt. Nay it belongs vnto a Perſian.
Ara. If to a Perſian, it belongs to me.
Hiſt. I ſerued Aſtiages your highneſſe ſire.
But if a ſtranger may deſerue the place,
I hope my ſeruing merits it my lord.
Pan My husband is a king, *Cyrus* I hope
will therefore grant it, if not for deſert,
Cy. Had I foure to encounter with,
you all ſhould lead the vauntgard of the field,
But onely one muſt haue the charge,
Though all deſerue it, therefore draw you all.
All. Content.
Cy. Cryſantas make the lots.
Hiſt. pardon me *Cyrus* though I do repine,
why ſhould we draw lots for our proper right?
Cy. Ile haue it ſo, *Hiſtaſpis* be content.
Cry. The lots are readie.
Cy. *Hiſtaſpis* I command thee to begin,
Now *Abradates* and the reſt.
Abr. Fortune hath fauoured me, the lot is mine.
Cy. Then thou ſhalt lead the forefront, let vs march,
Ara. The enemie is neare, make haſte my Lord.
Cy. Here Abradates, *Cyrus* placeth thee,
Leade warily, and fight courageouſlie.
Abr. As mine owne life ſo tender I theſe men,
Now to the battell, *Panthea* Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Panthea and Nicaſia.

Pan. Farewell, and my good angell follow thee,
And euerie ſtarre that raigned when I was borne,
Whoſe influence hath kept me yet from harme,

Vnfortunate

Vnfortunate be to make thee bleſt,
Ni. And miſerie ceaſe on *Nicaſia*,
So *Abradates* be kept from harme.
Pan. Ye Perſian Deities for *Cyrus* ſake,
Aſſyrian Gods for *Abradates* ſake,
Giue victorie vnto the Perſians,
That I may ſee my husband weare this wreath.
Ni. Madam, Bellonas ſhrine is heare at hand,
O let vs go to offer ſacrifice,
To make her more propitious to his grace,
For now he is amongſt th' Aſſyrian troupes.
Pan. Ile offer all my iewels on the ſhrine,
And make ſweet fumes of Ambergreece and Myrrhe,
Of Indian Caſsia, Muske and Frankinſenſe,
That Abradates may be conquerour,
Firſt at her aulter let vs ioyntly ſing,
For Mnficke is a ſacrifice to her.

Actus quintus,

Enter Cyrus, Panthea, and the armie.

Pan. Great lords to whom the Aſſyrian ſcepter yeelds
and Babylon through right of victorie,
Lies open to thoſe conquering ſwords of yours,
How fares my lord, my lord and louing feere,
My Abradates, liues he conquerour,
Or left by deſtnie numbred with the dead?
Cy. Faire Ladie, vertuous, chaſt and amiable,
I truſt your loue among the liuing dwels,
and like a champion and a knight at armes,
will ſhew himſelfe or manie houres expire,
His temples adornde with victorious palme.
Pan. When to the fight my lord adreſt his bands
Deuoutly entred I Belonias fane,
And there before the aultar of the Saint,
Perfumde the ayre with ſmoke of holie fire,

And breathed forth my plaints and eke my mone,
Thrice I me ſeemed the Goddeſſe turnde her face,
Offending-like frowning with angrie browes,
Againſt my prayers and my holie vowes,
O *Cyrus*, if my ielous thoughts diuine,
Some diſmall ſequell to this fantaſie,
Yet pardon me ſeeing womens wittes are weake,
And loues aboundes with ſuperſtitious feare.
Cy. Madam, I truſt the preſence of yout Lord,
Returning backe in triumphan renowme,
Shall ſoone remoue thoſe thoughts out of your mind,
So graunt the Gods my countries preſidentes,

Abradates borne in dead.

Cy. What ſlaughtered bodie do you Perſians bring?
Captain. Cyrus the bodie of the Suſian king,
Stout Abradates by the Egyptians ſlaine.
Pan. Now let my Lord the prince of Perſia iudge,
whether vnhappie *Panthea* feared in vaine,
O noble loue whoſe manly heart deſerude,
To ioy the benefite of longer life,
And richer Trophes to enlarge the ſame,
But tell vs now after what ſort he died?
Cap. Mounted aloft his chariot armed with ſithes,
Beating the ſtrong Egyptians downe,
A few of his familiar truſtie friends,
With dreadfull race inſiſt his chariot Wheeles,
While the other in the battaile turning backe,
Abandoned him among the Egyptian pikes,
Yet *Abradates* with the few remained,
By force and vertue of his puiſſant hand,
Sendes thouſand of the heathniſh foes to hell,
Till at the laſt diſmounted from his ſeate,
And round enuironed with his enemies,

After

After ſo many mortall wounds receyued,
He fell and yeelded vp his kingly ghoſt.
The Egyptians as their barbarous cuſtome is,
when he was dead cut off his ſtout right hand,
And left it lying by the breathleſſe corps.
But with a band of Perſian men at armes,
we reſcued him, and brought him to your grace,
Here to receiue ſuch worthie funerals,
As fits the honour of ſo great a Lord.

Pan. Now Euphrates whoſe ſad and hollow bankes,
Haue ſuckt the ſumme of *Abradates* blood:
which from his wounds did iſſue with his life,
Now ceaſe thy courſe of thy diſdained teares,
And let thy courage turne againſt the tide,
Of mere remorſe of wretched *Panthea's* plaints.
Is this the hand that plighted faith to me,
The hand, that aye hath managde kingly armes,
And brought whole troops of mightie warriors down,
Now ſended from the bodie of my Lord,
Cleane voide of feeling, ſenſe and vitall breath,
So Gods and cruell deſtnies commaund,
Malignant of poore *Panthea's* happineſſe.
Liue *Cyrus*. You Lords of Perſia,
Command my honour to poſteritie,
That ages hence the world report may make,
That *Panthea* died for *Abradates* ſake.

She ſtabs her ſelfe.

Nic. Gone is my Ladie peerleſſe *Panthea*,
Slaine with ſelfe griefe for *Abradates* ſake,
Niceſia loathes to liue when ſhe is gone,
The pride and Phenix of Aſſyria,
Ile not preſume to touch the fatall ſteele,
Wherein my Ladies ſacred blood do ſmoake,
Receiue me in thy bowels Euphrates,
And let thy bottome be *Niceſias* graue.

Enter

Enter Cyrus, Araspas, and Gobrias, to Abradates dead

Cy. O Persians see if any breath remaineth.

Ara. Cyrus, alas all sense of feeling is gone,
His senseless limbs with stiffenesse ouergrowne,
No rubbing warming, ought auaileth vs,
But pale death sits as conquerour ouer him.

Let Araspas kneele downe by Abradates.

Cy. Mirrour of honor and true Nobilitie,
No age, no time shall euer race thy fame,
Whilest Euphrates doth keepe his running streame.
What Abradates, and chast Panthea too,
O Abradates worthie man at armes,
O *Panthea* chast vertuous and amiable,
This office *Cyrus* to your wandring ghost,
Reserues in store to grace your funerals,
with monuments of fatall Elonie,
Of Cedar, Marble, Iet, and during brasse,
That future worlds and infants yet vnborne,
May kisse your tombes wherein your bodies lie,
And wonder at the vertues of your minde,
Assyrian Lord, such honour thou shalt haue,
As neuer had Assyrian at his graue.
Six hundred head of cattell shall be slaine,
And sacrificed vpon the funerals day.
Twelue thousand horses being manned each one,
Trapt all in blacke shall goe before thy hearse,
The towred battlements of Babylon,
Bend in contempt of heauen and earth, and men,
Those markes of pride shall be abated downe,
To make a shew of mourning for thy death.
Such honour as you both receyude in life,
Such honour shall you both receiue in death.

FINIS.

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